

WELLINGTON VICTOR.

Deadlock at Annapolis Broken by Election of Allegheny Congressman.

MUD STAMPEDES THE ASSEMBLY.

He Brings About a Turnout Result in Which the Senatorial Result is Evolved—Eastern-Shore Rule Gone Glimmering.

ANAPOLIS, MD., January 21.—The usual crowd of senatorial hustlers were on hand this morning, and there were other hustlers galore, and they all felt that something was about to happen, but just what no one seemed to know.

The air was filled with rumors and the galleries were crowded with strangers when the senators filed into the House as soon to participate in the sixth joint ballot for a successor to Hon. Charles H. Gibson in the United States Senate.

The ballot gave no indication of the surprise which so many expected. There were no breaks in the ranks of the leaders in the race; nothing to excite comment, or give any candidate uneasiness, and suddenly Speaker Mudd ordered a second ballot.

He called Mr. Bankard to the chair, and taking the floor himself, explained the vote. In doing this, he said: "We are approaching the end of the first month of the three months that this Legislature will be in session, and we have done nothing in the way of legislation. It is time for this Legislature to go to work and elect a Republican successor to the Hon. Charles H. Gibson."

We have been here for more than a week, endeavoring to find reasons for thinking what is called the Eastern Shore law, and have gone to our homes each night feeling that our reasons have grown dimmer.

"We have made a pretence of this vote, I think the time has come for decisive action. I intend to emancipate myself. I do not wish to refer to politics, but it is necessary that I should to a small extent."

That the Republican party really the responsibility of electing a senator, I want to see a Republican go to the United States Senate who is a man of moral dignity and mental stature with the man who is already there from Maryland. I want to see this old State sent as a senator a man who is the peer of any senator who sits in that body. I have looked with hope and confidence, but it must be confessed with disappointment to the Eastern Shore for such a man.

"I intend to vote for a man of reputation and fame—whose name and popularity is not confined to a single section of the State but whose name is known from one end of it to the other, inspiring to properly represent my constituents, and the best interests of my party. I have cast off my shackles, and vote for that distinguished son of Allegheny."

That was as far as he got. The name of Wellington was swallowed in the tumult of applause that followed. Considerable interest was shown in the senatorial result. Some of the senators present were for Sydney Howard, and they were given.

GOLDSBOROUGH PEOPLE DAZED. The Goldsborough people sat dazed in their chairs. It had only been on the previous ballot that Mr. Mudd had voted for the Goldsborough ticket. For the first time, and he was leading the break for Wellington. Then Speaker Mudd resumed his seat, and, rapping for order, told the Clerk to proceed with the roll-call.

Charles, of St. Mary's, is the next name on the list. He has always voted for Wellington, and when he repeated his choice he was cheered.

James, of Anne Arundel county, who came next, and the known of Anne Arundel, who came next, and they cast their first ballots for Wellington.

After this there were very few changes. The Goldsborough and other leaders moved around among the voters, steadily holding out a cautioning tone to stand to their guns.

As the roll-call proceeded, and it was seen that the break was not general enough to carry the day on the ballot, all hands seemed to steady up.

The ballot resulted as follows: Wellington (Republican), 35; Goldsborough, 25; Westcott, 15; Dixon, 5; Mulliken, 1; Smith (Democrat), 2; Patton, 3; Crothers, 1.

Of the total number of senators and delegates there were ten absentees. Speaker Mudd's flop to Wellington is believed to be the consequence of Governor Letcher's action. There is no doubt that the Governor is extremely anxious to see Mr. Wellington elected to the Senate, and while he has stuck closely to his determination to keep the State patronage out of the fight, it is very clear that he has a personal preference as to be consulted. Mr. Wellington is far and away his choice.

The sending to the Senate to-day of the name of Captain J. Frank Taylor as General Assembly Commissioner of Baltimore, on the sole endorsement of the Wellington men in the city delegation, was enough to convince all the doubters as to where the Governor stands.

DEADLOCK BROKEN. LATELY—the deadlock in the Maryland General Assembly has been broken by a joint caucus of Republican members of the Senate and House, and Congressman George L. Wellington, of Allegheny county, was declared the nominee for the seat in the United States Senate to be filled by Hon. Charles H. Gibson. His six-year term of office will begin March 4, 1897.

The scenes in and about the State House during the day and evening were unprecedentedly exciting.

Speaker Mudd artfully and dramatically constructed effort to stampede the joint convention for Mr. Wellington this afternoon was only partially successful. To-night, however, the result was more pronounced, and after a stormy session of about two hours in course the roll was called, and Mr. Wellington received 35 of the 75 votes cast. After the names had all been called, and it was shown that the Allegheny Congressman had won, there was a rush to change votes. Before the roll of the ballot was announced, 35 members had been enrolled for Wellington against seventeen for Goldsborough.

Mr. Wellington's nomination was made known by the action of to-night's caucus the Eastern Shore law was practically killed, and whether or not the bill introduced some days ago for its repeal should become a law, it is not likely to embarrass future legislatures in the selection of United States senators.

To-morrow at noon the General Assembly will meet in joint convention, and Mr. Wellington will be elected.

THE POSTER CRAZE IN RICHMOND.

Fine Lithographs and Artistic Work to Be Done Here.

To-morrow, for the first time, a "poster," designed and executed in Richmond, will be put on exhibition. The poster has not as yet reached Richmond, but it is coming. The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has introduced it here, and it must win attention. The vulgar conventionalities of the past have lost their command value, and the artist is now called in to do what the advertiser agent has done before. Advertisement is a necessity of our day, and the very soul of business. Advertisers are always on the look-out for something original and striking, and the object of a design being artistic if it has the two other necessary qualities. Probably the first impetus given to advertising in an artistic manner was by Jules Chéret, when in 1882, Paris, he introduced the machine which permitted the artist to draw very large posters, he introduced this new industry

into France, and imparted to it so vigorous a development.

Chéret has the merit of having established in a decisive manner, the principles of this art, and has been able to show his country with an annual income which at present amounts to several millions. Before him no one had so clearly explained that the illustrated poster could win at the exhibition, not only by the general care of its coloring, but also by the elegance of its outlines and the simplicity of its composition. It is by these qualities that it is raised to the level of works of art, and becomes deserving of attention.

For colors, in strong contrast, skillfully arranged, the few lines and masses, simple chaste colors added to a charm, grace, dignity, or vigor of design. These are the elements of poster art. Even the lettering is made a study by our modern designers, and drawn and placed as carefully as any part of the design.

Commerce in posters has become a real profession, and many dealers in Paris, London, have practiced on a large scale. Even New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, have poster stores and exchanges.

Among the most famous of the foreign artists who have taken to the poster are Grasset, Lautric, Steiner, Bordely, Hardy, Ravenhill, and the Brothers Beggarstaff. Among the Americans are such men as Bradley, Ithard, and Gardner.

Poster exhibitions are and now the most magnificent collections having been shown in all northern cities. The Century Magazine poster show, being the latest success, following a competition among all the designers; the National Artisan poster winning the prize; the Artists' Club, of Richmond, propose having an exhibition of posters in the near future. Mr. Edgar H. Brown has watched with interest the progress of poster art, and has had no pains to make the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities poster a success. From his three drawings on the lithographic stone, Messrs. Hoen & Co. have printed a limited number of posters, a few of which are to be signed by the president and secretary of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, for the benefit of the Kirmess fund.

The design, mention of which has previously been made, has been altered from the original conception, and the female figure stands in the center of the design, holding the brilliant background of our national banner, of the thirteen-star period. The "proof" has been seen by some of our most competent critics, and it has been pronounced a charming poster.

Kirmess rehearsals, with full orchestra, will be held on Friday and Saturday. Due announcement will be made of the hours. The spectators will be permitted to enter the hall during the rehearsals.

Director Macdonnell is much pleased with the results of his hard work, and promises a revelation in the way of spectacular grandeur. The North Country German dance is one of his favorites.

A NOBLE ACT.

Money Collected for a Banquet Dedicated to Charity.

GREENVILLE, N. C., January 21.—(Special).—During the past week or so the Greenville Tobacco Board of Trade have been taking steps to give a banquet. On Saturday evening they held a meeting, and decided to donate what had been raised up to that time for the banquet to the relief of the family of Mr. L. W. Lawrence, who two days before lost all his hard by fire. The secretary of the board was sent out to purchase provisions, furniture, and material for clothing, which, together with the good sum of money, was turned over to the needy family. This contribution amounted to more than \$100. Most of the Board of Trade are young men, the president is a Richmond boy, and such a noble act speaks in the highest terms for their generosity.

At the King House this morning at 8 o'clock, Mr. G. R. King, postmaster of Greenville, and Miss Nannie King, were married. They are first cousins. The ceremony was performed by the pastor of Washington city to spend some days.

Mrs. J. D. Murphy, of Asheville, is visiting friends here.

Mr. Ed. Randolph, who for some time has been a postmaster in Central America, has just returned to Greenville.

Mr. George Ragdale, of Oxford, is visiting his brother here.

Higgs Brothers will open another bank here during this month.

Patrick Whitehurst, a negro had a difficulty at Bethel, in this county, in which Whitehurst was struck on the head with a club. The coroner went out today to hold an inquest. The negro has not been caught.

HENDERSON NOTES.

Death of a Prominent Farmer—The New Mill.

HENDERSON, N. C., January 21.—(Special).—Mr. J. W. Cooper, one of the most prominent farmers of the county, and son of Colonel S. S. Cooper, died of pneumonia on yesterday, and was buried here to-day.

Mr. W. A. Hunt, cashier of the Citizens' Bank, is off on a vacation, visiting his mother at Lexington, N. C. His wife accompanied him.

Mr. Redding Perry is very ill at his residence, on Church street.

The Henderson Cotton-Mills are about completing their building. They have nearly finished the first floor.

The mill is to be a strictly standard mill—first-class in every respect. The main building is two stories and 89x202 feet.

With Mr. D. W. Cooper, president; Dr. J. B. Owen, treasurer; E. G. Davis, secretary, and a first class board of directors and a cash capital of \$125,000, the enterprise must be a success.

Messrs. Reid and Lumsden, of Durham, are visiting Mr. L. W. Barnes, on Garnett street.

Major E. Taylor, of Orange, Va., is on his annual visit to his son, Mr. J. P. Taylor, on Chestnut street, to the delight of his many friends.

Miss Lucy Taylor is visiting her brother in New York.

The warehouses are all open again after the holidays, and are having large breaks of tobacco.

ATTACK BY PRISONERS.

Sheriff Overpowered, But There is No Escape.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 21.—Sheriff Loflin, of Gaston county, went into a jail-cell containing five white prisoners, and locked the door. One prisoner threw lime in his eyes, while another struck him on the head with a club. He fought them all pluckily, until he was tripped, thrown down, overpowered, and his pistol taken. Six white prisoners in an adjoining cell made no outcry, but the negro prisoners cried murder, whereupon Loflin's wife called for help, which came, and the prisoners were prevented from escaping. Since then he believed to have been in the plot are now chained to the floor. The Sheriff is not seriously hurt, save to one eye.

Probable Tobacco Exposition.

WINSTON, N. C., January 21.—(Special). It is quite probable that a big tobacco exposition will be held in Winston this fall. The Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to co-operate with similar committees from the Tobacco Board and the Merchants' and Traders' Union to consider the feasibility of the proposed exposition.

Another Charlotte Factory.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 21.—Charlotte, which now leads all the cities in North Carolina in the number of cotton-factories, having nine, adds another. It is named the Charlotte Hosiery, Yarn-Mill, and has \$5,000 capital, and H. S. Chadwick is president. It will have 500 operatives. Work on it will begin March 1st.

CALIFORNIA BEARS.

UNSOUGHT ENCOUNTERS IN THE WOODS WITH GRIZZLIES.

A Band of Children Who Had Fun with a Cub—One Bear a Victim of Love of Honey and Another of Love of Fish.

(Oakland (Cal.) Letter.)

If one lives in a bear country and is especially fond of the frosh-hill and mountains one is pretty sure to have some adventures with bears that are brought home to him in an accidental way. Some years ago the writer was a resident of Santa Cruz county, and there had several encounters with bears. The mountains of the coast range are the favorite home of the grizzly, and one finds an occasional cinnamon bear, often the largest, and by far the ugliest beast to encounter on a lonely trail.

A few years ago the woodchoppers and some of the ranchmen, when the bears became too numerous, would build a trap of logs, making a pound about ten feet square. A log door was so arranged that it would drop down when the bear had entered to get the bait at the opposite end. It was a clumsy contrivance, but many a grizzly was caught in that way. Mexicans or native Californians wanted no better amusement than to get a live bear in that way, let him loose, and throwing three or four riatas about him to keep him from escaping.

One of these bear traps was built on a trail in the woods hardly three miles from town. All the boys in the village knew the exact location of that log trap, and they made it their habit to go there to the spot taking along any number of dogs, but were too young to be entrusted with guns. On one occasion half a dozen boys were missing at dark. Nothing could be heard from them. They had not gone toward the sea, and it was not known where they had been. They had been drowned. Such a search for youngsters had never been made in that village before. About 9 o'clock of a warm autumn evening they made their first appearance. What had happened? The grizzly had lost the color from their cheeks; but, on a count, they were all there. It was certain that some importunate bear had been in the neighborhood, and guardians insisted upon knowing the truth, as they had had money enough. The truth finally came out. The boys had gone with their dogs to the trap, and a cub had been driven down into the trap. They were in for fun. The dogs, they thought, would worry the cub so that he would make no dangerous attack on them, and so the young grizzly was let out. Then the fun began. Whenever a cub came in, whenever a cub was nipped the cub he would squeal. The sport had been on for a few minutes, when a growl and a crash were heard in the brush. The old grizzly, mother of the cub, literally leaped over the chain, and the cub was free. Every boy sprang for a tree and climbed for dear life, the last one having not more than two feet clear way between himself and the infuriated grizzly. Every cowardly cur fled, and the mother grizzly, who had been made a situation: Six or seven boys up as many trees, as pale as ghosts, looking down at an enraged grizzly that tried to climb the trees and would continually slip back. Finally, a human voice was heard, and the boys thought that with an axe or a rifle the boys thought. That old grizzly sat there on her haunches until after midnight, and then slipped away with her cub into the brush. The boys waited for half an hour or so, and then slipped away from the trees and sprinted for home.

A RUMPU'S. There was a half moon slipping down in the west, with light enough to outline large objects. About midnight a rumput was heard in the brush. The boys were sure enough. As he clambered to the top of the coral the light of sight was for a broadside just back of the forehead. The ball struck the shoulder, and he fell down as it afterwards appeared that the bear had been shot. The second shot went wild, and the bear disappeared without his game, but with the dogs in the rear. That ended the performance. The writer did not relish cruising around the woods at night, and still he had the chance of being found by the bear.

Early the next morning another settler called at the door, and inquired of the host if a stranger had been stopping there. The host made a negative reply, but had heard two shots in the night and knew that some one must have tackled the bear. The dogs followed him, as they would have done if he had not been shot. They kept up the rumput all night.

"This morning," continued the settler, "I saw him in the canon, with the dogs still worrying him. One of his forelegs was useless. I brought him down at the bottom of the canon, and he lay there if he wanted him. I only ask for one of his forepaws as a trophy."

In the summer after the last incident the writer had taken a number of children in a canoe, and they were out on the river, with a picnic for them in prospect. While they arranged for it near a spring, the writer went along the edge of the woods for some distance with a gun, looking for quail. Finding none, he sat down under a madrone on the side hill, listening to the chatter of squirrels and the note of a dove in the distance. In the distance, far obscured by the undergrowth, a grizzly was seen to be creeping toward the tender growth. A moment later the first outline of a cinnamon bear was in view, headed down the old wood-road, and to the camp where the children were waiting. He was a fine specimen of his kind, and was arranging his picnic. What was to be done? The bear must be stopped, he could not be killed with a shotgun with a few quail-shot. But he might be frightened so that he would make a dash for it. The writer was fair view. He must be scared into a retreat. Both barrels were let off at rather long range. There was an ugly roar, and at the same moment the grizzly was seen to be looking for boats, and wanted nothing larger than a quail. The bear, instead of turning, as he ought to have done, made a straight line for the man with the shotgun. The children were all screaming, and the grizzly was making for the man with a loud cry. The bear took the hint, and started for cover. The woodman, on coming up, said:

"Why, I tried to scare cinnamon-bear with a shotgun, so that he would not come upon the children, and he ran up this tree." The sportsman smiled.

"That is what I did," said the sportsman. "The half-breed hound was baying in the distance. The woodman, after listening, declared that Brutus had got a corner on the bear, and followed the trail. Half an hour afterwards the bear was seen to be climbing a tree. The grizzly was so tired and heavy with a height of 7 or 8 feet, and wreaked his vengeance on the grizzly, which was abandoned in climbing.

The children having heard the shots, and seeing that there was no return, began to fear that there had been some accident. They hurried into the vehicle, and drove out on a cross-road to a woodman's cabin. Hearing their story, he too, suspected that something unusual had occurred, and he made for the clearing taking his rifle. The grizzly was seen to be climbing a tree, and the shot had been heard, soon the hound took up the trail of the bear with a loud cry. The bear took the hint, and started for cover. The woodman, on coming up, said:

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any other mountain affluent of the Sacramento.

When the run of salmon is strong, the old bears do a better stroke of fishing than most amateurs. They choose a shivering rock, well out in the stream, or the trunk of a fallen tree. There is more fun in watching a bear on such occasions than in shooting at him. When he gets into position one forepaw is extended over the log or rock to the water-line. When the fish are running strong it is a clumsy sort of a bear that cannot take out a ten-pound salmon within an hour after getting down to business. Failing to find a live fish, Bruin will take a dead one, which can sometimes be found after the spawning season is over, and the run of fish is toward the sea. But, if you want luck, a fisherman never shoot at this belated brother when he is out on a fishing excursion.

One other incident came partly within the writer's personal knowledge. In some parts of the State the California lion or puma is far more troublesome than the bear. These beasts will kill a yearling calf or a half-grown heifer, and will attack any smaller animals about the homestead. While the grizzlies are sneaking cowards, they will fight savagely at close quarters. On one occasion a young son of the writer was occupying a section of government land by way of pre-emption in the foot hills of Fresno county. One night there was a furious barking of dogs at no great distance from the cabin that he took a shotgun and went out, expecting to find a coon or a wildcat that the dogs had driven up a tree. The night was dark, and he could only see the dim outline of some sort of animal crouched out on a limb. He had only quail-shot cartridges, but concluded that with the dogs it would be safe to blaze away. One or two discharges made no impression. Gathering some dry sticks and leaves and putting them to them, the outline of a puma was clearly made out. After firing six shots, the lion came down and stood up for a fight at close quarters. Just then the dogs tackled him in the rear, and he was driven back up the tree. At the eleventh shot the bear fell out of the tree dead. His weight was a little short of 200 pounds, and he measured from his nose to the tip of his tail about 5-1/2 feet.

INDIAN PLEASANTIES.

How a Single Piegian Passed for 70, and a Crow Fooled Coxeyites.

(Buffalo Express.)

"A member of the Canadian Mounted Police, Lieutenant McDonough, told me," said Captain Partello, at the Officers' Club, "the following incident of a band of Crees and a solitary Piegian Indian, which is novel and interesting. It occurred about 100 miles from Fort Walsh. A band of Cree Indians woke up one snowy morning to find that about one dozen of their choicest ponies had been run off during the night. Pursuit was soon organized, and within a few hours a fresh trail was found in the snow. After following the trail some thirty miles it entered a river bottom and headed for a wooded island in the middle of the river.

It was planned to term a "plain up-and-down New York hotel-keeper," and as I am undoubtedly the "plainest" facially, and the most "up-and-down" architecturally, of all the landlords, I have been selected to tell us how to run them.

We landlords hope to have this convention held in New York—

1. Because we believe it is the best place for it.

2. For the honor of our metropolis, of which we are loyal citizens.

3. Because it is to be held at a time of year when our great hotels are well-nigh empty, and it would give us a chance to make an honest dollar out of the delegates and visitors in a way novel in the history of national conventions, and which would redound to the credit of New York and her hotel-keepers.

I will not attempt to recite the glories of New York. That has already been done by tongue of silver and by lung of brass. The glories of New York have been before many a time, and I probably know more about the city than do you.

You have already heard, and have still to hear, the most dazzling accounts of the glories of New York. But of what avail are all these beauties and glories to the weary delegate, if he must spend his night fitfully slumbering upon a billiard-table or uneasily tossing in the narrow confines of a hotel bath-tub?

I admit that there may be some delegates who would not be seriously injured by spending a night or two in a bath-tub, and I understand that the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew slept in one at Minneapolis, and I presume it was of benefit to him; but the ordinary delegate naturally prefers to "wrap the drapery of his couch in the warm and comfortable of a decent dream," and you can't blame him.

"To such I would say that New York is the only city in the land that can give every visitor to a national convention a comfortable and pleasant stay."

"Excellent," but we don't force our motto into our half-memories.

"Sleep sweetly in this quiet room, O thou, who'er thou art, And let no morrow's yesterday Disturb thy peaceful heart."

This sentiment doubtless sounds strained to delegates who have been accustomed sleeping four in a bed and two in the bureau at conventions, but New York is a big town, and has big hotels, and lots of 'em.

New York has more hotel accommodations than the cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis combined. Let I be accused of boasting, I will not dwell upon their merits, but content myself with the fact that New York is the best and the finest in the world.

We have fine hotels for fine people, good hotels for good people, plain hotels for plain people, and some bum hotels for bums; but we do not expect the latter to be patronized during the convention.

We have heard some very glowing descriptions of western cities, here in the lobbies, and especially the most entrancing tales of the beauties of the United States. I spent two days in St. Louis